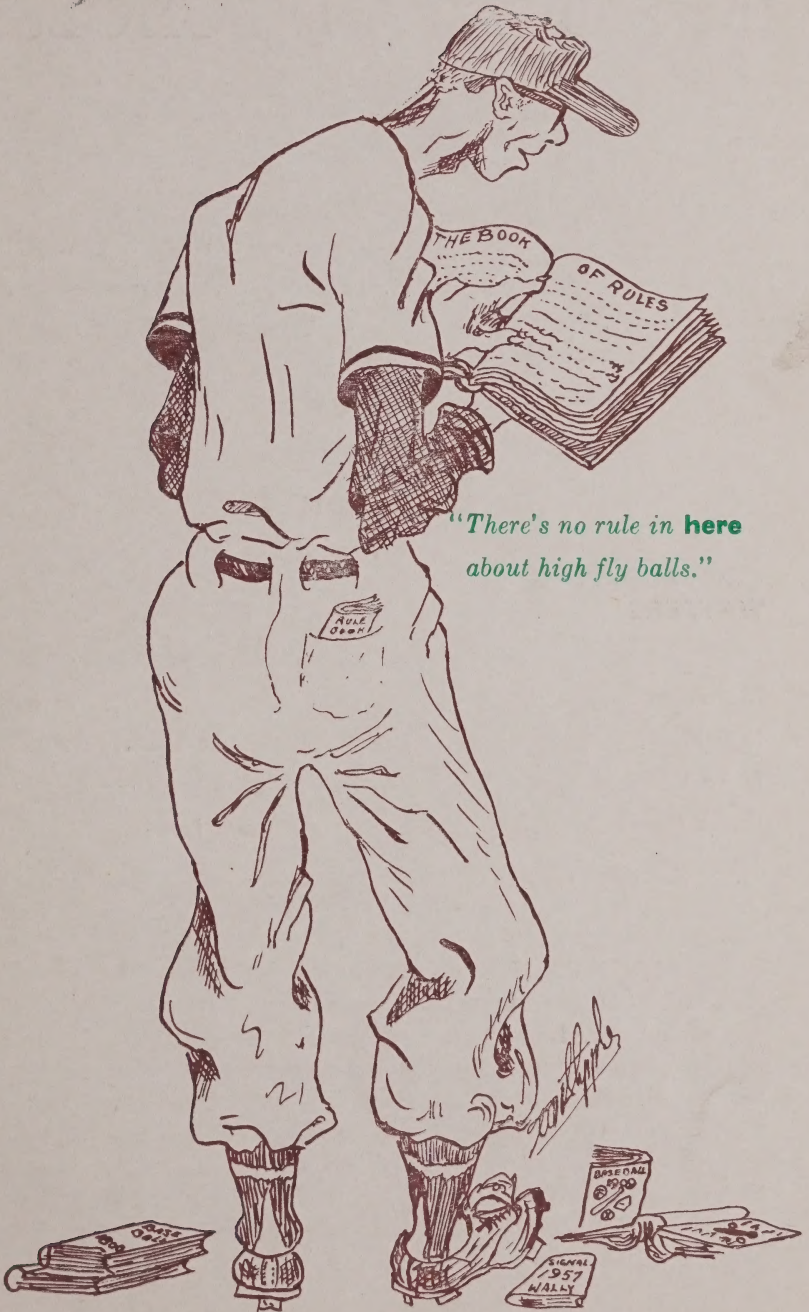


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ECHOES

MAY · JUNE 1962

the MOUNTAIN ECHOES

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STIRTISTICS

High Number	8582
Low Number	4739
Received	28
Transferred In	1
Transferred Out	2
Discharged.	11
Paroled	1
Escapes.	0
Population	472

EDITOR THE REMARKS

When a man is serving a long sentence and has no family or friends to assist him on the outside, he encounters many obstacles when he applies for parole. Usually he will ask the John Howard Society for assistance. But what is he going to do now that the Society itself has encountered an obstacle?

In an article by Winnipeg Tribune writer Bob Hunter, it was learned that a clause in the Manitoba Welfare Act is the cause of two men right here in Stony Mountain being unable to obtain paroles. A section of the Act does not allow the Winnipeg Welfare department to give assistance to anyone without the consent of the communities where they formerly lived. In the case of these two men, this consent was refused.

This could ruin the whole rehabilitation program if something isn't done about it soon. As Ken Howard was quoted as saying, "They are literally being forced back into crime." He also said, "There is no known way this vile practice can be stopped." If that is true, it means the hopes and prayers of many men were all in vain.

Will some humane person come up with a suggestion for getting rid of this obstacle? If so, let your newspapers know, let your provincial government know; write to the Prime Minister.

E

Thanks to Mr. Chuck Thompson of the Winnipeg Free Press for reporting the Dale Carnegie Banquet for the Echoes. We hope that we will be hearing from you again.

E

Things to look for in the next issue: Annual Sports Day happenings, Farm Camp News and an interesting follow-up of a story in this issue.

Stage Show of 'Stars'

A Stage Show, headlined by Arlene & Berks Baker, the Bernie Shaw Sextet and introducing Mary & King, came to this walled community on the afternoon of April the 8th. Master of Ceremonies Jack Britton, no stranger here, got the show on the road by calling upon the Band to play "Flying Home".

Newcomers here, the Swingtones then made their appearance. Their renditions of "Sitting On Top Of This World", "Walking Along" and "Lucky Old Sun" were a delight to hear. Welcome fellows and we hope this will not be your last appearance here.

The Pantomaniacs, Arlene & Berks Baker, are a team that will always be welcome here. Their antics never fail to keep the audience in laughter. Another new act was introduced by them. In it they used a screen, the record "John & Marsha" and a table. They kept popping their heads above the screen and certain pieces of wearing apparel was tossed into view. Everyone was sitting and waiting in eager anticipation. Imagine our disappointment when the screen went down to reveal them playing checkers.

Jack Britton then introduced Ronnie Alderson who can really strum that guitar. His "Main Street Breakdown" was met with tremendous applause.

Berks. Oops! Pardon me, I mean Bonnie Baker sang "Oh Johnny" in her usual sweet style. Then, inviting the dashing lady killer Roy Williams up on the stage, she managed to get him to "Hold Her In His Arms". Roy has been walking around with stars in his eyes since that day.

After a solo by Berks, "Honey Love", Arlene joined the act again. With three more of the local boys getting into the act, Poitras, Deloli and Fowler, they sang "Sweet Sweet Sweetie".

This was a day for the local boys. M.C. Jack Britton then called upon our own "Mountain Rhythm Boys". Led by Cyril Sinclair who not only played the Violin but did the vocalizing too, this group had Ken Marcino at the Piano, Ken Bevan on Drums and Star strumming the Guitar. They did a fine job as they gave out with "You-All Come", "Lonesome Me" and a couple of Polkas.

Mary & King were then introduced by Jack Britton. Appearing at Chans, and having played every major Club in the U.S., they really wowed this audience. With Bernie Shaw supplying the music, they started off with "It's A Good Day". Mary then sang "Birth Of The Blues". Teaming up again they did a tremendous job of "Won't You Come Home Bill Baily". More audience participation was invited as they had them up on the stage singing and doing the Twist and those still in their seats clapping. All you could use to describe these two people would be a big 'T' for Terrific.

Bringing the other entertainers back on stage, Mary & King had them all join in with "The Saints Go Marching In". How much the audience enjoyed them was shown in their yells of 'More'. 'More'. We can only wait and hope that they will return here again soon.

Committee man Bob Barber mounted the stage and voiced the thanks of us all to the entertainers.

DALE CARNEGIE GRADUATION

Chuck Thompson - Wpg. Free Press

"If it's anything we don't need, it's ex-cons bilking people out of their life-savings with smooth talk."

That remark typifies the thought a hard-boiled reporter can have when attending a Dale Carnegie public speaking course.

But, man, it doesn't take long for Warden F. Harris to set a guy straight.

He was asked if there is much dissension among inmates, pro and con, on taking this type of course. There are differences of opinion outside.

"There was, but it is diminishing greatly..... Now the inmates are accepting the fact that the course is geared to help in their rehabilitation," the Warden said.

And the more that you think about it, the more one realizes this is correct. The fear of meeting people is rampant in our so-called enlightened society.

Fear of talking to a crowd nearly floored this reporter when he was asked to speak at the fifth graduation banquet April 7th, of the Dale Carnegie course.

And yet, 20 inmates passed with flying colors. Boy, that talking bit takes guts.

Those who will be graduating soon are: Bob Barber, George Graham, Jim Varga and Ray Poisson.

Graduates are: John Pasnick, Art Doucette, Francis Kelly, Frank Graves, Joseph Wiener, James McCulloch, Jim Wenzell, Ray Beaudette, Ray Bonney, Gerard Detonnancourt, Jack McLean, Al Porozniuck, George Martin, Victor Lamont, Robert Martin, Terry Dezan, Bill Boschman, Rolly Jonasson, Ray Perry and William Smith.

Everybody mouths words, but few can talk. This is as correct as the adage that everybody has thoughts, but few people think.

Success in life is being able to think and express thoughts correctly. This is communication, and life can be pretty sweet with a rational personality.

Speaking well can help a person to live a decent, normal life. Also, it gives a person some courage because he has beaten worry.

Take the easy way out and you end up boozing, thumping some crumb on the head for his dough, bilking someone of his money or some other stupid thing.

Is this crap? I don't think so. Education gives you confidence. If you do not have education, then a rational personality and the ability to talk to people helps a lot.

One thing is certain. "There must be something better than living in this place," said one Stony inmate.

So if you don't try to find what it is, if you don't try to prepare yourself to recognize happiness and prepare to keep this small measure of peace - you are a nut.

Says Warden Harris: "We feel that if you were to pick out any individual endeavor that the course would rate among the top few.

At the banquet, inmates spoke of how the course changed their whole attitude toward life, of personal failings, of wrongs done to them, and accepted their own mistakes with such openness that it was easy to become impressed.

And Alf Grey, grand old man of

the course, proudly congratulated the inmates, for himself and for his wife, and scored when he pointed out that the course helped "...but the success is due to you who have worked, and have conquered something in yourselves. You must continue on...to better things."

For many of the guys in the course

it will be the first thing that they have conquered in a long time.

Let's hope they were genuine in the interest to learn something so that they would never be behind bars again.

And let's hope it was not just a way of trying to impress some people in an attempt to get an early parole. ♣

D.C. DINNER & DANCE

Everyone was seated waiting for the main course (turkey) to be served when one of the lovely ladies whispered to the gentlemen seated across from her, "Have you seen the boys from the penitentiary yet?"

"Yes," replied one of the men. "Two of them are seated at the table in the right hand corner, one of them on my immediate right and I am the fourth member."

The setting for this scene is the Valour Road Legion in Winnipeg, with four inmates, members of the Stony Mountain Dale Carnegie Alumni, attending a Wind-up Dinner and Dance sponsored by the Winnipeg Dale Carnegie Alumni, setting a precedent in Canadian Penology.

Reported in the last issue was a Prepared Speech Contest held in the institution, at which time the Stony Mountain Dale Carnegie Alumni challenged and defeated the Winnipeg Dale Carnegie Alumni for the Alf Grey Trophy. As expected, the Winnipeg Alumni came back fighting mad with a challenge of their own, which was issued by George Jackson, a graduate of Class No. 1 in Winnipeg and one of the first Alumni members. The challenge was issued for three members of the Stony Mountain Alumni to participate in a contest for the Balshaw Trophy, donated to the Winnipeg Alumni by another member of the Alumni's first class, Ed Balshaw, now an executive of the Safeway stores in Washington, D. C..

The challenge was accepted and Ray Bonney, Ed Penner and Frank Graves were chosen by members of the Stony Mountain Alumni to represent them. They had the support of Don Hambleton, representative of the Alumni and the Mountain Echoes. The men chosen for the opposition were Jim Elk, George Kent and John McCrindle. The topic was "Freedom." Winnipeg Alumni members Ruby Hussen, a teacher of Public Speaking, and Larry Collins with Mr. McGregor of the University of Manitoba (Voice Control) were the judges.

Winner and now holder of the Balshaw Trophy is Ray Bonney. In a moving talk that had the audience picturing themselves in his place, Ray showed why we had such faith in him. Ray was also a member of the team that won the Alf Grey Trophy. He also received a smaller trophy which he will keep. The remaining five speakers received Silver Spoons.

(continued on page 27)

THE PAST of THE FUTURE

Johnson Wannop

The silver ship slowly lowered itself to the ground. Inside, Captain Dural lay on his acceleration couch with his eyes glued to the large screen which showed the ground around the ship. Behind him the Astro-gator Toth made last minute calculations on his computer, noting the results in his data log. The Communi-tech Bani, lifted his earphones from his head and said, "There's nothing coming over the A.R. system in any of the wave lengths, Captain."

"Captain, are we going to be here long?" asked the Engineer, Rama. "I have to check and repair the Hypernik coils damage."

"We'll be here as long as it takes to check out this planet." Dural stated.

A sigh went up from the ship as it settled. The men within, without being told, tested the atmosphere, ground radiation and the several little chores they had done before debarkation from the ship upon planet-fall. All were found satisfactory and as the port opened and the ladder snaked down, the men gave a sigh of relief. The Captain was the first to touch the ground and after him came Toth, Rama and Bani. Rama headed under the ship and into the inspection hatch. The others just stood and stared at the sprawling city of rubble.

"Rama," called Dural. "We're going to check the area, keep your persona-phone on just in case."

"OK, Dural," came the muffled voice of Rama, over the persona-phone: "If you see any girls, give me a call."

The three started away from the ship laughing, but as they saw the rubble-strewn streets, they soon became solemn, and plodded along silently.

Bani gave a shout and pointed to the right where stood a large gate and a long high wall of stone. The gate was of rusted iron, gaping open like a large mouth of a nether-world entity.

"I wonder what this place was?" mused Toth.

They moved forward through the portal and found themselves in a walled enclosure with a few stone buildings around. As they walked toward the buildings they heard the engineer cursing over the persona-phone.

They entered one of the great buildings and surveyed an open space with crumbled steel stairs zig-zagging up its walls. The three took in all that they saw and tried to figure out the purpose of it all.

Bani, who had wandered away from the other two into a side gallery, gave a startled yell which brought Dural and Toth rushing over to where he was. He was standing there staring into what seemed to be a cage, one of a series of cages spaced along the floor and up to the ceiling.

"What do you make of this, Toth?" Dural asked.

"It looks like a place for keeping animals, menagerie is the name the old books call them," answered Toth.

Bani went closer to the cage and stared in through the rust-rotten steel bars.

"Wait a minute," he cried. "I can see that something was attached to the back wall." He pushed the bars aside and climbed over a pile of dust and debris.

"It looks like a sort of seat in one corner and a round trough in the other." And slowly turning around, his eyes taking in all the details of the dust-crumbled room, "There were also attachments on both walls."

Dural walked down the gallery looking into each cage in turn. "They look alike" he stated. "These cages must have been for the same species of animal."

Toth was poking around in a pile of dust that had the vague shape of a biped. "Hey Cap!" he exclaimed, "look at this."

Dural came and peered into the cage where Toth was.

"This is either a two legged animal or a human being like we are." stated Toth.

They bent down and had a close look at the pile of dust that once was an entity of this world. Dural was attracted to a lump about the middle of the torso of the dusty shape. Stretching out his hand he brushed away the dust and uncovered a glass jar sealed with a hard clay-like substance. Within the jar was a bunch of papers.

"Dural," came Rama's voice over the persona-phone. "The hypernik coils are repaired. Will you be coming in?"

"Okay Rama," Dural replied, as he turned to Toth and Bani. "Let's return to the ship."

They walked back to the ship with Dural clutching the glass enclosed papers hard against his chest.

"On spec, Bani," asked Dural, "What do you really think that place was?"

"From what we've seen it seems that this place was not a menagerie. I think this way because it seems to follow. The beings of this world wiped themselves out in a great war, as the overwhelming evidence of chaos and destruction verifies. "We assume that they were intelligent by the evidence of their architectural advancement we witnessed in our orbital survey. In the same light, we must assume them barbaric since they waged wars on their fellow men. This is why I think that the place which we have just left is not a place for keeping animals, but a place for detention of their fellow man, it is evident in the pile of dust where we found that glass jar of papers."

"If it is as you say, Bani," said Toth. "It would be right in saying that the people of this world have gained the ultimate end; extermination."

Dural looked at the bottle as though it held a devil of ill fortune.

"Well," he sighed. "Let's look at this bunch of papers."

He carefully broke the hard, clay-like substance from around the one end of the jar and carefully took out the pile of papers.

"Look at this," he cried. "The lettering of this manuscript is just like our language. It is printed by someone using unusual fluid for ink."

He hunched over while the others looked on with a wondering perplexity of mind. After a while he got up and slowly walked to the view-port. Staring out over the vast expanse of rubble, his whole frame shook with an agonizing sob. Turning towards the other three indicating the papers, he stated with a shaky voice: "That is the last testament from the past by one of our own ancestors who had been caged in that building out there."

He walked to the table and sat down. Slowly taking the pile of fragile papers he read:

"This day, March 7th in the year one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, the war is in the second week and already the people of this world are sick with radiation poisoning. Last week, two experimental space craft with two hundred people took off. They had the foresight to see the ultimate end of an all-out war on this world. The people who escaped were of high ideals and of sound judgment holding to the principles of the Universal Judge. I hope that they lived to carry on the human race without bigotry and prejudices that we have had up until now. I hope that they come back in the future and see what bigotry and corruption can do to a race.

That's the reason I write this, to explain to them what has happened here, and that they should guard against it.

My strength is going and the nausea is returning so I'll seal this in a bottle along with knowledge that I have compiled from the greatest religions man has ever made, the Bible and the Golden Rule of life."

They stared at each other for what seemed an hour. Then, as if by command they stored the papers in a vacuum bottle and climbed into their acceleration couches and prepared for lift-off.

A roar echoed throughout the broken rubble as the ship weakly lifted itself into the pale blue sky, and if there were eyes watching the ship soar into the sky they would have read upon the side of the silver ship, its name; "Brotherhood."

2nd Prize Writing Contest

THE OLD WOMAN

by Gerry

She is old and scarred by the many battles of life. She is uneducated but is in possession of wisdom. Her body is thickened and tired by many years but is still ruled by a essential spirit which grows stronger with the confirmation of each passing day.

There she is. Kneeling on the burned sandy soil of the strawberry patch, under the smoldering sun of July; she is holding a sad and lengthy conversation with herself, reflecting some period of her filled life back in the past.

Her old frame bent on an unconcious labor of love, is going up and down the

long rows of strawberry plants, never stopping, never for a moment resting, reaching here to pull out some loco weeds which are troublesome to the growth of a plant, slowing for only a second there and covering the fast drying roots of another which has in some unexplicable way dared uncover itself.

A young boy is sitting lazily in the third or maybe fourth row. Hardly working and barely moving, at times pursuing a shiny little cricket, or burying a slow beetle.

He is hoping that soon the old one gets wearied and that her knees will be too sore from the many mis-shaped pebbles they encountered to continue on.

Feeling very guilty but at the same time wishing. Waiting for her eyes to glance towards him so he can pretend to be industriously laboring; wanting her to speak to him and cease this half-silent muttering to herself. He feels bad when she is like this, as if he was some intruder in an ancient and sacred temple. Somebody told him once that all old, very old people, speak to themselves like this. Maybe she is not reliving some past memories, like he was told. Maybe she is praying. Yes, she must be praying.

Straightening up she turns slowly to him, her flowery blue dress imbedded a dirty yellow where her knees were pressing the ground. The sweat glistening in the deep ridges of her neck shadows, her garment to a deep hue around her sloping shoulders and arms. Sheltering her steel rimmed eyes with a plump hand she looks at him.

"My little Man," she says "go to the house and get a drink of water."

Her voice shames him, but without a glance back he runs to the oak surrounded house, elated in his long delayed freedom and full of indescribable sorrow for the old woman.

On the porch his eyes dart swiftly back. She is now doing the work that was his, the work that could have meant for her a faster earned rest.

Later, a long while later, leaving the patch behind her, in regret, her eyes like an eagle forever searching a prey, searching for some "wild weeds" at last she comes to the house.

"Old woman, I should have brought you that water but it's so hot and boring out there and I was afraid to have to stay some more and work."

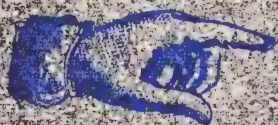
Trying to subdue his uncouth remorse he slyly fills a water jug and hurries outside pretending to be unaware of her coming. His heart is beating feverishly, his mind groping for a lie to justify his absence.

"Grandma, here, have some water. It is very cold. I worked the pump a long time for it. It is ice cold, you like....."

Her gray eyes look down upon him and in them is clearly etched a sea of tenderness. On his lips die off the false words he had prepared and his heart grows heavy with grief.

His head goes to rest against her soft belly while her arms grasp him like a drowning man. With a small voice he says, "I do love you so much Grandma!" As if somehow he could forbid this evil spectre with his sharp scythe near by, waiting, just waiting. ●

The Finger-man



— cannot tell of her

Mac Lamont needs a new winter benny for the summer. Does he ever take it off? It'll take a month to get the coffee stains out of it. The next time you're standing in line, and you feel that tap on your shoulder, don't worry about who's playing the game with you. It's Art Nabiss. Harry took a bite out of a piece of roast with his St. Vincent Specials, and they broke in three places. It's either the grain of the roast, but sometimes it's got to go. Never mind, Harry, they'll have them fixed in fourteen or fifteen months. John Kane Frank is going to sue the magazine for the "Scrambled Eggs" remark in the last issue. Don't forget I just assumed from the way you carried that things were a little bit of fun with us. Dunc, you've got all your marks after all, pay. (But they've all rolled over to one end of you.) Don't mess up with a new way of doing it this year, in case. All you do is get a large bag of change about three pounds of salt, and drop it on the floor. You should heard him. You guys out in the Camp Camp should run near if you stare at one long enough. You could get to be out. Jack Conway has the biggest, widest, REDDEST smile I've ever seen. Don't leave any cookies in your car when you go to work boys. The Fisker may get them. Things are tough all over. Dunc gave Harry the Horse a new pair of down-town socks, and the Horse gave Dunc a new coat and hat. (Now they're both warned.) (And I don't blame either one of them, since they're both a bit kinky. MacDonald says Rolly Joneson's going from bad to worse, so I guess MacDonald's going from worse to bad.) That fascinating new secretary and the little fellow with the cleaners are not to be seen fully. Neither are a lot of other people, so run, hey.

Little says: "Pitch." Leo says: "Don't pitch." Bob Barber says: "Play." Al McPetersen says: "You can't play." The guy they're talking to says: "It doesn't really matter to me, you know." By the time they decide whose going to play, we'll be playing four men. Speaking of who's going to play, how about getting big stars sewn on the backs of those maroon uniforms? Then how about some stars in them? Ken Marino looks like a hockey player that can. (Plays ball like a hockey, too.) Weird man. I was a top B Leaguer, would stop picking on Adamson. Can he help it if three feet off the ground, over the centre of the plate looks like a ball? He's got his C.N.I.B. Umpire's diploma, too. Here Rasko has a new job. He runs. Runs where? Who knows? Round and round, maybe. Next issue I put the 6' 4" on the corner marker. One of the Full Tank guys (the Sam O'Neil) told me I'd have a terrible time with the teams when they're when they come in in the snow. Rolly Jonasson may cut the man. He had a team (went by hand, mind you) and they wouldn't let me. Ted wouldn't have been so bad, but a couple of us couldn't help anything. I don't know the name for sure, but a certain marker which a little sort of iron is being measured for a pipe by the Hawaiian I. (This pipe is 4 feet long, is made of lead, and does not necessarily need to be threaded.) Library Scotty is now Father Camp Scotty. Now instead of being buried in books, he's buried in an potatoes? Ron Fall got off the Peter Gunn kick. Now he plays Mexico 40 times a night. He should play in Mexico. The first All Star game was really something. Infielders bouncing all over the place. (Kick it over to first.) Little Edward needs a haircut. Does anyone know a barber? If you ever drop your tray, you had better hope that I'm not near your locker as soon as you do, I'll boiler. I'm with you, pal, and let him go. And a good goodbye to you, ol' buddy. Benny is well known as an authority on figuring out a guys good time and discharge date. Do you suppose he's doing this because he's afraid to start figuring out his own? Hello to Ted Ramsay in KP. The Horse says he may write for parole. Can you imagine? (Haw.) I'll be watchin' ya.

MINOU

by dave windsor

Minou is, of course, a cat. Not the cleanest, not the best looking, nor the friendliest; and there is some doubt about his intelligence, but, none-the-less, he is Minou. Owned exclusively by the Mason Gang, a small and as nondescript group of characters that one could ever meet within the confines of a penitentiary, he is petted, fed, taught tricks, and just plain mauled in general by two individuals in particular, whose characteristics and personality, for some obscure reason, greatly resemble those of Minou, that is, if a cat may have these identities.

I had heard many stories of this "very sophisticated" cat, but the first opportunity I had of observing the boy genius of the Feline World was one afternoon during a slack period. I had seen this black and white cat going here and there before, but I had no idea that I was observing "the" Minou in action and for free. Anyway, as I say, one afternoon I was asked by one of Minou's guardians if I would care for a cup of Java, and, at the same time, give my honest opinion regarding their pride and joy, and his ability at doing tricks. The Java part suited me to a "T", but as far as being a judge of cats is concerned, I'd rather take a rain check thank you. Upon hearing this reluctant reply, my anonymous friend (and he wishes to remain so. Anonymous, that is) offered me an ultimatum. Either come and see Minou, or no coffee now, to-morrow, or ever again. I gave up and proceeded to view what, I was sure, would be nothing but an ordinary cat meowing and purring around a person's pant cuff.

I don't have a copy of the K.P. Telescope before me, consequently I can't remember the names of those two educated pussies mentioned there, but there is a big difference between Minou and those Eastern cats. And the difference is this: the Kingston cats were philosophers. They had a philosophy about their nine lives (one of them nearly using all he had at one shot) that would set a normal, or should we say average cat back on its haunches. They had no desire to wander, to see the out-side world or to chase mice. They were content to sit in a drawer and think. About what, nobody knows. Now Minou is a cat of a different colour. He is an entertainer, a performer, a ham as you shall shortly see.

As soon as I entered the Mason's shelter I knew something was wrong. This wasn't going to be just a friendly cup of coffee and the telling of a few lies, while we watched Minou perform. For one thing, the oil--heater looked as if it hadn't seen a flame in weeks, a pail of water had at least an inch and a half of ice on it, and curled in the farthest corner was Minou, sound asleep. Oh yes, things looked very suspicious indeed, but I didn't ask any questions, nor did my "friend" volunteer any answers. No pun intended but it was strictly a game of cat and mouse. Finally, my nerves taking the strain no longer, I broke the icy silence by innocently requesting to light the fire. The temperature this afternoon was in the vicinity of thirty-five below zero and I figured it was perfectly logical to light the oil-heater. Little did I know just how much my friend had succumbed to the feline's charms until he gave me a look that reduced the room's temperature and

my enthusiasm by at least ten degrees. Apparently Minou couldn't stand the smell of oil fumes and the flicker of the flames upset him. How neurotic can one cat be?

Having no fire but thinking a cup of hot coffee would serve the same purpose, I settled back on the only respectable chair. My friend, in the meantime, was rummaging through this box and that bag, up there, down here and over there. Obviously he was looking for the coffee, sugar, bug etc., all the ingredients needed for coffee, but, as time passed and the search continued with no results, a sickening lump in the pit of my stomach and a feeling of embarrassment was coming over me. After all, to be invited for coffee and *then* finding out there wasn't any is just a plain dirty trick.

No fire, no coffee, but there was, of course, Minou, and if my average continued, I was positive of scoring a strike-out. But no such luck! Minou finally lifted one droopy eye-lid, gave me a baleful look (recognizing a stranger), stretched, arched his back and proceeded to exercise his claws in the shack's insulation. As far as I was concerned, this was a wanton destruction of property, but my friend became quite excited about the whole thing and, between breaths, told me that this was one of Minou's most famous tricks. I don't know yet what it was that gave my friend the impression that I agreed with him on how spectacular Minou was. He's alright!

This wasn't too bad but when I was asked if I would like to see Minou stand on his head, I made the foolish remark of saying "Is this as *good* as the last one?" I tried to stop myself from thinking it but surely my friend didn't have some other foolish stunt up his sleeve? Such as holding Minou by his hind-legs while he executed a perfect head-stand? But I did, and he did, and Minou did, and then we all did!

Actually, though, Minou is a very smart and a very fine cat. He is only misunderstood. For instance, these tricks that he does. They're quite scientific in a psychological sense. I mean, Minou is actually fighting some inner conflict that drives him with a compelling force to perform and entertain the way he does. When he is alone with his two guardians he lies in a corner, either curled in a ball or stretched out at full length in complete relaxation. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to run. I understood Minou has learned a new "trick." He can now walk across the floor on his hind legs, extend his front legs above his head and meow to the tune of "Take Five."

■

The only pen with a life-time guarantee is Alcatraz.

(The Clock)



Sam Says :



Sure enough, I was right about the haircut. The hair went, and Little Sam almost went. Did you ever hear a 7 pound baby screaming? Well, Little Sam weighs 95 pounds (almost), so you can imagine.

★

I DIG:

. . . Sonny Liston. . By the time he gets a shot at Patterson, he won't need the money. He'll be on an old age pension. It's beginning to look like this is what they had planned in the first place.

. . . Grass: . Grass?

. . . Paroles: . Paroles?

. . . CJOB: Winnipeg. . *Still*, Phil.

. . . Girls who say, . . . "Yes." to nice young fellas like me.

I DON'T DIG:

. . . Girls who say, . . . "No." to nice young fellas like me.

. . . Sal Mineo: . For Gawd's sake, get a haircut. You look like my sister.

. . . Troy Donohue: . Get lost, you bum.

. . . Liz Taylor: . . . ditto ditto, ditto ditto.

(Memo to the CONSERVATIVES - I have all the confidence in the world in you, fellas. When you win, get me out of here, will ya?)

I WONDER:

. . . About Pickle Week, Do-nut Week, and all those other "weeks" dreamed up by our advertising geniuses. Why do they devote a whole week to pickles and one lousy day to our Mothers?

. . . If the Winnipeg Maroons will play at all next year. (Jack Wells ain't *never* gonna go to Sweden.)

. . . What happened to Wee Ray on OB?

(Memo to the LIBERALS - I have all the confidence in the world in you, fellas. When you win, get me out of here will ya?)

I PREDICT:

. . . Rain for Field Day.

. . . Gil Molgat and Duff Roblin will enter the National Plowing matches this year. They will try so hard to defeat one another that they will get all tangled up in the furrows they have plowed, and the horses will go on to win without them.

(Memo to the NEW DEMOCRATS - I have all the confidence in the world in you, fellas. When you win, get me out of here, will ya?)

SCENE FROM LIFE:

HE: (packing) . . Okay. OKAY. . . . I'm LEAVING ! I'm not going to stay here any longer if you feel like that !

SHE: (loudly & shrilly) . . Well, GO, then, you \$?%/& ★!!! And take your dirty socks !
And this, and that, and THIS, and that !

(long pause)

HE: . . I don't want to go.

SHE: . . Oh, honey. I would have missed you so much.

(Ain't that ridiculous ?)

(Memo to the Independents, Communists, I.O.D.E., Girl Guides, Shriners, Oddfellows, Masons, Bus Drivers, Cub Scouts, Cooks, Brownies, Carpenters, AA, D.C., Parole Board, Draft Board, School Board, and anyone else within earshot -
- I have all the confidence in the world in you, fellas. When you win, GET ME OUT OF HERE, WILL YA ?)

The newspapers and radio have lately been telling of a man released from the penitentiary after 39 years. They say, "During his term he studied extensively, and has now been released to California where he has a promising future in the electronics field."

I admit that this is news, but I think the news people give a somewhat incorrect impression. It's a very rosy picture they paint, with their man fading off into the California sunset, facing a very "promising future" in a highly competitive field.

This man is now 64 years old.



A reminder again of Mother's Day. She cries when you cry, laughs when you laugh, and hurts when you hurt. There is no one else in the whole wide world who does this.

And don't you ever forget it.

'Till next issue.

Sam

Why Capital Punishment?

Frank Graves

So long as men discuss crime and penalties, they will discuss capital punishment. It is not easy to select the valid reasons for and against any sort of punishment. One who really seeks to know and understand goes over and over the question, and winds up at last by denying the validity of all punishment. Which means, of course, that society should not deliberately cause anyone to suffer for any act that he commits. The difference between the one penalty and another depends entirely upon the reactions of the individual who fixes the penalties or discusses the subject.

It is almost universally believed that the death penalty is the most serious infliction that can be heaped on any individual. This is the reason people range on the opposite side of the fence in relation to this sort of topic. Those who are for it believe in this penalty because it is the worst fate that man can visit upon his fellow man. Those who are against it are influenced by the same reason. No one is either for or against it on the account of the effect on society, for it is out of the question to tell whether it increases the number of murders or lessens them. Even if this could be told, it would not settle the question.

There are various reasons why this cannot be settled. First, no one knows the effect of the different sorts of punishment toward preventing others from killing, nor do they know which gives the most pain to the sufferer, or just how the pain administered upon one human being will effect others who know it, or whether men, women and children in general should be the recipients mentally of this sort of torture and agony, so that the spectacle of agony shall be expected to help keep others from committing the same crime. Neither do they know whether visualizing and hearing of the effects of punishment of one deters others, or induces others. Or whether, even if it served to deter in this particular way, it might not render men, women and children callous to human distress.

The hanging or electrocuting of an individual can be witnessed by only a few, although nothing would draw such audiences as this everyday viciousness. Nor are the pictures allowed to be shown in the movies, although this would bring the matter most vividly before the people. And if capital punishment deters, nothing else than witnessing the hangings and other executions could produce the result. No one has yet settled whether the event of execution should be exploited or advertised, if not made public, how can it deter others? If made public, what effect will it have on the born or unborn?

Whether one is for or against capital punishment depends on what sort of person he is, whether he is sensitive, imaginative and emotional, or whether he is cold stolid and self-centered. And what he is depends on his inherited structure and his environment. In most of the countries of the world, the death penalty has been reserved for murder, on the theory, I suppose, that it is the most terrible crime

ever committed. How is it so terrible? Is it because a human being has been put to death? If so, execution is just as bad, and much more deliberate. Is it then, that it is more evil to take life than to commit any other act? If it is because to kill is evil, it means that he has what the law terms a wicked and malignant heart, although, as a matter of fact, the heart is not involved.

Should the culprit be hanged because he has a wicked heart? Then all people merit death upon the same logic, for when one hates or despises another, he usually wishes the other were dead, and has a feeling of pleasure if he learns of the death. Probably very few people have lived long in this world without wishing that some person or persons would die.

The killer's psychology is not different from that of any other man. Indeed, in a large proportion of the cases, the murderer had no malice toward the dead. Is it, then, a worse crime where there is no malice? What then becomes of the wicked and maliced heart, said to be the reason for the crime and for the punishment? Something else must be found as a reason for putting the offender to death. Is he to suffer death because he has so grossly violated some other person's right? There are many other ways of destroying people's lives, and it is done day by day by the slanderer, the libeler, and the one who takes away another's means of livelihood, whether in or out of the protection of the law.

But capital punishment is not administered for murder alone. There are two other offences punishable by death; rape and kidnapping. This, of course, does not apply in Canada, but if it were, I'm almost certain that the elements of this type of offense would diminish considerably. Why does a portion of the world insist upon the death penalty for murder? Different people would give different reasons for this, but the real reason is that human beings enjoy the sufferings of others. The issue is always clouded by false statements, foolish interferences, and a wild appeal to any mob. Are there any facts to justify the belief that the death penalty lessens murder? The deterrent is not many punishments, but sure and quick ones, they now say.

Law violations come chiefly from our industrial centres, our farmers make no trouble. They patiently submit to being sheared by all the fleece gatherers that come their way. They live lonely lives and cannot be aroused into thinking or acting. Even the automobile and the radio cannot give them a good education or a broad outlook on life. Along the great farming section that stretches over Canada, there is practically no variation in ways and habits from one to the other side of the line. In the larger cities, it is somewhat different, for Montreal, Winnipeg, Quebec and Toronto, there are all kinds of homogeneous classes that have very likeness to the general mixtures of other countries. When our country is as old and as fixed in its separate groove as the United States, England, France, Germany and China, we will be like them. It cannot be brought about by surer and stricter laws, but by age and its tempering, and that alone.

If killings are what we need, we have our share, and then some. If it is laws that we need, we have them to spare also, for no one land has spawned them out as we have. If the general opinion of Canada is reflected in court procedures, newspapers and public gossip, the roughneck crimes are not the only ones in which we

excel. No one seems ever to consider these facts as having any bearing on crime. No one can find any facts to prove that capital punishment has any effect toward preventing killings, no intelligent person disputes this because there is absolutely no need to. If there were ever a reason for sending a man to prison' that reason no longer exists after he becomes old and harmless, or at any other time when it is fairly sure that he can live outside.

The people of today deny that they punish from vengeance, they admit that they have indignation against the criminal, but their indignation is "righteous indignation." The word "righteous" only confesses hypocrisy. Hatred is hatred. Prefixing the word "righteous" makes it in no way different. In punishment every effort is made all down the line to magnify the ferocity of the act and the moral delinquency of the condemned, so that the punishment will be fixed in heart and anger and carried out in the same spirit, this carefully created emotion is called "righteous indignation."

Are men kept from killing their fellow men because they are scared to kill? Everyone who kills, excepting those who kill in the heat of passion, prepares a way of escape. The killer never intends to be caught, and often he is not. In the crimes of profound feeling and passion, consequences are thrown to the wind and the certainty of the punishment of death does not prevent the act. If people are really kept from punishment through fear, then the more terrible the punishment provided, the greater the fear. If one should take the pains to ask a dozen men and women which they would prefer, life imprisonment or death, almost all of them would say that they preferred death. True, when the time came to die, they might wish to live under almost any circumstances. But, as a theoretical proposition, without the imminence of death, almost all men and women prefer death to long imprisonment. There is certainly much less fear of death than of long imprisonment in the mind of one who is about to kill.

If hanging John Smith is to keep others from murder, how is it to be accomplished? Plainly it must be necessary that the public should know that John Smith is hanged, especially in Canada. These days, men are executed in the dark, with no one present except a few officials, a physician, who is not there to save a life, and a minister, who is supposed to inform God to watch out for the victim's soul.

If men are to be kept from killing by fear, then all human beings of all ages, especially the young, should see what it means to die at the hands of the lawmakers. In this way, the wicked impulses to go out and kill would visualize something of the wages of crime. If the full details of executions could be vividly told, if men and women could visualize the horror coming from the fear and dread of this shameful and cruel death, if people could feel the agony of the days of waiting, if they could grasp every detail, all normal human beings would be so shocked to think of their part in the horrible deed as to get rid of the barbarism that inspires the desire to have some unfortunate killed at the request of the lawmakers. A mistake is often made in judgement, everyone knows the uncertainty in identifying those with whom one has little or no acquaintance.

Almost everyone has, at one time or another, stepped up to someone in a restaurant or other public places, only to discover that he had mistaken a stranger

for some friend that he knew well. This sort of thing occurs almost daily on the streets, yet witnesses recognize, juries convict, judges sentence and the executioner acts on the flimsiest identification, especially in times of excitement and public outcry are mistakes often made. In these days, it is seldom that men are acquitted. Any circumstances is enough to identify and convict and make the jury do their bit in stopping the crime wave. It is well known that mistakes are made by courts and juries in ordinary matters. It is common for men to disparage the judgement of both. When a mistake is made and the wrong man is put to death, it is always stoutly denied and that is the termination of the miscalculation.

We all know the errors of human judgement. It is easier for juries and judges to make mistakes in men on trial for murder than in any other affair of life. The accused is hated and hounded and despised. He is looked upon with obliquy and shame, and is almost always prosecuted by a skilled lawyer, and defended by someone not equal to the dangerous task. He is worried, harried, friendless, and in despair. Every word is constructed against him, inferences is made over important. No one can think of an irreparable verdict like death without shuddering at the contemplation of mistakes that can in measure be repaired.

Quite apart from the rest, how far should society go in its wrath? The victim is not the only one injured. Where the punishment is death every member of the family is, to the remotest generation by the shameful death of their kin. Life is hard enough for most men and women, without adding to the burdens and sorrows of a family who can neither outlive nor forget.



FACTS OF LIFE

The clock of life is wound but once and no man has the power to tell just when the hands will stop, at a late or an early hour. Now is the only time you own. Live, love, toil with a will; place no faith in tomorrow, for the clock may then be still.

(Mountain Echoes - 1955)

What is

Rehabilitation ?

Mel Carlson

Pueblo Star-Chieftan (via Recount)

"The whole concept of rehabilitation is not to make it more difficult for the prisoner but rather to find his weaknesses and try to help him."

This is the view of George Levy, senior psychologist at the Colorado State Penitentiary.

Before we can begin to determine the effects of rehabilitation on the criminal, we must first understand the meaning of the word as it is applied here. Rehabilitation of a felon takes place only when he begins to review his attitude toward other people in society, their persons and property, and accepts the need and logic of restraining his impulses to the gratification of these needs at the expense of other people.

Since a man can and will return to an imperfect society—95% of those now imprisoned will be released someday—it is unrealistic to expect him to come out superior to the society of which he is a part through any variation of the prison process. By a variation of the prison process, I mean aside from the loss of freedom; such as vocational training, counseling, education and other rehabilitative measures.

Rehabilitation must start with the man himself, he must want to change his ways. To do this he must first acquire a more realistic and practical sense of values. While it is quite human in our culture to want "easy money", the criminal cannot begin his rehabilitation until realizing that the acquisition of "easy money" can be the most expensive endeavor he has ever engaged in.

If he would only apply the principles of logic to his situation, he would never commit a crime. For example, a man loses his wallet containing his weekly pay. Now this is upsetting, of course, but it's only money. In time, and after painful adjustment, he will be able to replace this loss. It is not so easy to replace the loss of liberty, reputation and social status brought about by the conviction of a felony.

The needs, drives and aspirations of preachers is basically the same as that of prisoners. We all do those things from which we derive emotional and physical satisfaction. The only difference then are the means employed to attain these satisfactions. There is nothing pathological in wanting another man's money, only in the way you go about it. You can hold a gun against his head and demand it or you can convince him that he needs what you're trying to sell more than he needs the money. The first method will land you in jail. The second will get you elected to the chamber of commerce.

Can criminals actually be rehabilitated? In the federal prison system, 67% of released prisoners are returned for parole violation or for conviction of a new

felony. In California, 88% of the prison population are repeaters. In Colorado, it is 62%.

Occasionally a man steals to satisfy his unconscious need for punishment. There may come a time when he has reached the point of saturation. That is, the need for punishment no longer exists and so he commits no more crimes.

The average age of a prisoner is 25. Give him a few years away from society and he may develop a more mature outlook. Many burn out on crime by the time they are 30. Even the most hardened criminals are likely to do so when they reach their 50's and 60's.

A Study made some years ago by a team of penologists on 500 former inmates of a reformatory showed this to be true. Checking them at five-year intervals, they found that only 21.5% of the former inmates had stayed out of prison the first time they were studied. Five years later the figure was 32.1%. At the end of the next five years, 42.7% had not returned to prison.

But in all cases, rehabilitation is strongly affected by the attitudes of the society into which the prisoner is released.

Being placed in prison is a form of distress decreed by society as punishment for those of its members who have violated some of its sanctions and taboos. But the public is confused in what it demands of a prison. On one hand it seeks punishment for the criminal. On the other, it desires that he does not return to crime. These are often contradictory.

People attend church on Sunday morning and listen to readings from the bible. Yet this same bible gathers dust on their shelves all through the week. Although it seems radical to apply some of the bible principals to an ex-convict—"love your enemy," "turn the other cheek"—it would have greater positive results on the rehabilitation of a criminal than the attitude that exists today.

All of us, whether we admit it or not, demand acceptance of others. If one group will not accept us, we look around until we find one that will. It is piously deplored by society when an ex-convict seeks out other ex-convicts with whom to associate—forgetting that too often, so-called decent people arbitrarily reject a man on the basis of his prison record rather than on the basis of the man himself.

While true that it is unfair to both the fox and the chickens to make the fox superintendent of a chicken house, and a prospective employer might be understandably nervous in placing a man with a long history of embezzlement in charge of petty cash, it sometimes makes good sense to put a known thief in a position of trust and responsibility. Aware that he is a marked man, he will tend to be over-careful in keeping himself free of suspicion and show his appreciation with loyalty for the man who trusted him.

Statistics have shown that employers lose much more from the petty "till-dipping" of nephews and brother-in-laws than from ex-convicts.

In our society, based upon the sanctity of contract, a man is expected to pay in full all debts incurred by him—but he is expected to pay them only once. Too often a man leaves the stone walls and iron bars of a penitentiary only to enter a dungeon of social and job ostracism far more devastating than the notorious solitary prison cell. ★

phil boily

A Basis For Contemporary Thought

'I will shake my finger at him, he said, and placed it on the trigger'. (Lavater)

"You are all a beat generation". Ever since this statement was made, armies of non-conformists have been bellowing their disapproval of society in one form of formlessness or another.

I too have been bellowing. As of yet my mumblings have not reached the masses. An assault of words can be my only offense; sneering just doesn't have the effect it once had.

Help me.

Help me to plunge status-seeking to an all-time low.

DICTIONARY FOR ASTRO/BEATS-(A cool view of Inner and Outer Space)

Calender - Official destruction schedule.

Dust - Granulated people.

Lifelessness - Canadian slang for planets without bowling alleys, TV, motels, Trampoline centers, drive-ins and dancing cowboys.

Total Eclipse - A unique Space show when earth blots itself out with no outside help.

MONUMENT SMASHING/ There are no trench coats in the trenches.

That skeleton in the American closet. - Its' black.

Pants get shiny, even on a throne.

The search for the end of the circle is the eternal occupation of squares.

Canada was not discovered by Canadians.

Shame on them.

INNOCENCE - A woman giving birth to an infant.

GUILT - Adopting it out.

INNOCENCE - A husband accusing his wife of participating in a love nest with another man; when she did not.

GUILT - Only because the other man is in prison.

Sometimes the Devil

Tempts me

to believe

in

G

o

d

.

Like.

UNKEMPT THOUGHTS - I spit anti-poetry for poetic reasons.

I should try and reject everything except snowmen.

I love love, hate hate, drink drinks, smoke smokes, live lives, die deaths.

And when I feel my faith weakening I should try and spend two weeks in Las Vegas.

UNKEMPT THOUGHTS THAT KEEP RETURNING-

I do not look at pictures painted by ex-presidents and unemployed prime ministers.

There is no fury like a woman searching for a new lover. (no, no, I use no names).

EVOLUTION- Puritans should wear fig leaves on their eyes.

Do wild animals stare at us in disbelief?

The condition of love is human beings being human.

FROM the movie "THE SUBTERRANEANS" - the following:

ALCOHOLICS can't make it on root beer.

Shakespeare is dead.

I am poor. So poor that I am rich, for I can lose nothing. I've never felt so secure.

Never ask how many the enemy number but where they are. (King Agis II)

Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction. (Lavater)

In love, as in war, a fortress that parleys is half taken. (Marguerite deValois)

Are there any vegetarians among cannibals? (Lec)

An average father to young son. "It's not your refusing to go to bed that distresses me, it's you're telling mom and I to go to hell." (Esquire) (Kid has potential).

Prehistoric cave men could never bring themselves to believe that there would ever be TV. (author unknown).

The South Carolina electric chair has been ruled too dangerous to use and the state is in the market for a new one. (New Yorker) (Before somebody gets hurt)

SYMBOL OF DEFEAT - Lorrie

OPEN SESAME - I want to get out.

HELP STAMP OUT REALITY -

(Spaces between the lines have been composed by Phil Boily.

It was often necessary to use words to do this coherently.)

FIGHT CARD

by Hammy

Stony Mountain supplied the Boxing and the Madison Boxing and Wrestling Club of Winnipeg supplied the Wrestling for a Fight Card here on April the 15th. Enjoyed by us all, the Card featured two Boxing and four Wrestling Matches. A lot of credit is due to Al Tummons of the Madison Club, the Sports Committee, the Fighters and to the Officials. Referee for the Boxing was Ken Bevan. Counting for the knockdowns was Don McDonald, the Timekeeper was Tony S., with Dave Keachie, Fred Mitchell and retired Middleweight Champ, Gerry DeTananacourt as judges. Seconds for the Fighters were Nick Thomas, Bob Barber and Red Saunders. Ring Announcer was none other than our own Don Dumphy, David McLennan.

BOXING

LIGHTWEIGHT

3 ROUNDS

Gordon "Goose" Gosselin - 130 $\frac{1}{4}$ -- vs -- Kenny "Kangaroo" Keewatin - 133 $\frac{1}{2}$

Both fighters were making their first appearance in the ring here. Starting out with fists flying, each seemed to be looking for a quick knockout. They both landed some solid and telling punches to the head and body, but were able to recover quite fast. Keewatin had Gosselin on the ropes throwing punches that should have put him out, but recovering, he came back to rock Keewatin with a solid left to the head. When the final bell sounded, they were both weary from the fast pace they had kept up. The Judges called it a draw.

MIDDLEWEIGHT

3 ROUNDS

Bob McDonald - 150 $\frac{3}{4}$ - - - vs - - - Harold Severite - 149 $\frac{1}{2}$

With Severite having the advantage of height and longer arms, it was thought that McDonald would have a lot of trouble. But by counter-punching and using his ring savvy, he was able to get in some telling punches, although not before receiving some. Severite kept pushing the fight and at times had McDonald in trouble. But he was able to get away from Severite and come on to win the bout in a split decision.

Both bouts were very good and if this is a sample of what is to come when training facilities are available once more, then we can expect some excellent cards.

WRESTLING

OPENER

Lloyd Antonation - 208 lbs. - - - vs - - - Bob Tuck - 210 lbs.

15 minutes or 1 fall.

Antonation began with dirty tactics, but soon found them back-firing on him as Tuck bounced him out of the ring. Giving a good account of himself and showing that he can be dirty too, Tuck was doing quite well when Antonation got him on the ropes and then seemed to be in trouble. Referee Al Corbett came in to break them up and for his trouble he took a few blows first from Antonation, and then from Tuck. Antonation picked up some loose tobacco from outside the ring and then proceeded to rub it in Tuck's eyes. This made Tuck mad and he went after Antonation with vengeance. As the bell went, they were still at it and Corbett had a hard go trying to break it up. I am not sure who won this bout or whether it was a draw, but it should have been awarded to Al Corbett who showed both of the fighters that he could handle them.

TAG MATCH

The Flying Italians - Guy Binci & Orest Antonation

vs

Tony Condello Al Torez

30 minutes or 3 falls

The Italians showed right at the start how agile and tricky they were. Small, but powerful, they were able to wiggle out of many tough situations, But Torez and Antonation overpowered them to get the first fall at the 14 minute mark. Just a minute later though, the Italians came right back to win the second fall. Things started to get a little rougher then and soon all four fighters were in the ring. First the Italians were getting the best of it and then Antonation and Torez had their turn. Finally, after 28 minutes and 23 seconds, the Italians were awarded the third fall to win the bout. It was a rough fight with both referees having to be alert every minute.

SEMI-FINAL

Armand Stojke - 245 lbs. - - - vs - - - Bill Kochen - 230 lbs.

20 minutes or 1 fall.

Towering over Kochen, Stojke used his great size ably. Bouncing Kochen off his chest, he had command of the fight at the start. But Kochen, no small man himself, showed that he had no fear of this big fighter and proceeded to throw him out of the ring. Coming back, Stojke bounced Kochen around the ring and off the ropes. And every time one of these men hit the ropes it sounded as if the ring was going to fall apart. Noted here for his innocent looks while using dirty tactics, Kochen didn't fail to dissappoint us. He had many warnings from the referee but failed to heed them. Twice when Stojke had him down, he managed somehow to roll him off on top of Pasterak's head. Referee Mike Pasterak finally awarded the bout to Stojke as he disqualified Kochen. This was a good bout with both men putting their weight to good use.

FINAL

Arturo Bordega - 188 lbs & Lorne Corlett - 194 lbs

sv

Bobo Bryce - 202 lbs. & Joe Sawtus - 190 lbs.

1 Hour or 3 Falls

This fight started out with Corlett and Bordega taking turns punishing Bryce and not giving him a chance to make a tag. Finally, he made the tag and Sawtus came out and gained the first Fall of the bout. Time was 3 minutes and 45 seconds. It was then their turn to mete out punishment and they did. Corlett and Bordega kept taunting Sawtus, who is an officer of this institution, by yelling 'Screw', 'Screw'. That was it. Bryce and Sawtus then swarmed all over them and had them staggering around the ring in a daze. Although everyone present was yelling encouragement to them, Corlett and Bordega couldn't recover and Sawtus and Bryce emerged the victors.

Al Corbett and Mike Pasterak shared the referee's duties. Both were well able to take of themselves and keep order in the ring.

DIAMOND HIGHLIGHTS

with Ron Miller

The familiar echo of "Play-Ball" is ringing through the yards as once again another Season of Fast-Ball is about to begin. From the looks of things in the Spring Training Exhibition Games, there sure are an awful lot of rough edges to be worn smooth before the League Schedule gets underway.

With the loss of some players to our Minor League (Farm Camp), the Ball Commissioners have decided to go along with just an A and B League. The "FUN LEAGUE" has been put aside until a little later in the Season, after the Managers have had a good chance to look at all the talent available.

Each League will have this year, for the first time, its own Commissioner. Frank Perreault is at the controls for the A Leaguers, while holding down the reins of the B Leaguers will be likeable Tony Brown who gave up a promising fly-catching career to snatch the headaches. Boss Man for the Blind Brigade will once again be Bill Meixner. The Top Brass are all Major League material, so if this is any indication for the success of this Ball Season, it should be a bang-up one.

A League, to date, has three teams knocking bats, but it is expected that Stony Mountain Village will once again enter a contender and possibly one other small Club from the surrounding area will get together a team to build the League into a five team loop.

B League will be going with five teams, and these minor leaguers will be affiliated in some way with the A League in order to keep them supplied with the best talent available.

The All-Stars, this year, will once again be way-laying their visiting rivals from the Senior Fast-Ball League in Winnipeg.

The League Schedule is due to start as soon as the weather man decides we had enough rain, so until then, RAIN RAIN-RAIN. They say that TODAY'S TEAR-DROPS ARE TOMORROWS RAINBOWS. Any takers? ●

(D.C. continued from page 5)

It was at this time that Don Hambleton was given the opportunity to inform the Winnipeg Alumni that now that we had the trophies from both contests, they would be given the chance to get them back next year, but they had plan to be good, really good, because we are planning on trying to be better.

Six Speech Champions of Class No. 43 gave superb talks before they were presented their certificates, along with the rest of their graduating class, by Alf Grey, who sponsors both the Winnipeg and Stony Mountain classes.

"Thanks" from all of us to all who made this affair possible. Sponsor Alf Grey, Instructors Chuck McNaughton, Dr. Jack Nesbitt and Irv Grainger. Also George Jackson of the Winnipeg Alumni. On this side of the walls there were the Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allen J. MacLeod, Warden F.S. Harris, Educational Supervisor J.D. Weir and our sole escort Mr. Hall. We hope that this will continue on and become an annual affair.

PENAL EXCHANGES PRESS

Gene Hutchinson

THE PRESIDIO - Iowa State Penitentiary.

One of the best laid out magazines on the Penal Press circuit. An outstanding job in printing. We always read your rag from cover to cover, and enjoy most your regular departments: 'It's a Matter of Opinion', and 'Gazing About'. Maybe you could give us a few tips on how you get your pictures so clear.

THE BEACON - Dorchester, New Brunswick.

Sorry to hear that you are having such a tough time with the work schedule. Only on week-ends you can work the mag? Hoo boy !! It is surprising you get it out as regularly as you do. As far as suitable material for publication goes, don't feel too bad, because I think that is a problem of every penal magazine. Ron Duncan was in a daze for a week after reading your pat on the back. Keep in there pushing, and maybe things will swing your way.

THE ENCHANTED NEWS - New Mexico State Penitentiary.

You live up to the name of your magazine, especially in the cover department. It's always a pleasure to get your mag, even if sometimes what's in between the covers is pretty dull. Your stories are usually good reading, but couldn't you get a controversial article once in a while? As far as that goes, any article at all. We envy your facilities.

RECOUNT - Colorado State Prison.

Just read your Issue 1962, whatever that means. Only one magazine a year or what? A real smashing job, though. You really put a little of everything in it. Your headings and cuts were tops, along with the liberal use of color. We hope to see your magazine just a little more regularly. (We are reprinting your article on 'What is Rehabilitation?', giving credit to The Pueblo Star and Chieftain via Re-count.)

TRANSITION - New Westminster, British Columbia.

Let's hear from you.

THE COURIER - Maryland State Penitentiary.

Phobophobia - whew!! Pedro F. Crooms gets the Oscar of the month for his devastating writing. Like, let's have more, Pedro.

THE SEAGOZETTE - Seagoville, Texas.

Ron Shaw seems to be keeping your magazine in circulation. Canada has at last heard your voice. A big demand for copies. Could you send us an extra issue? Mickey Wilson - sick.

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